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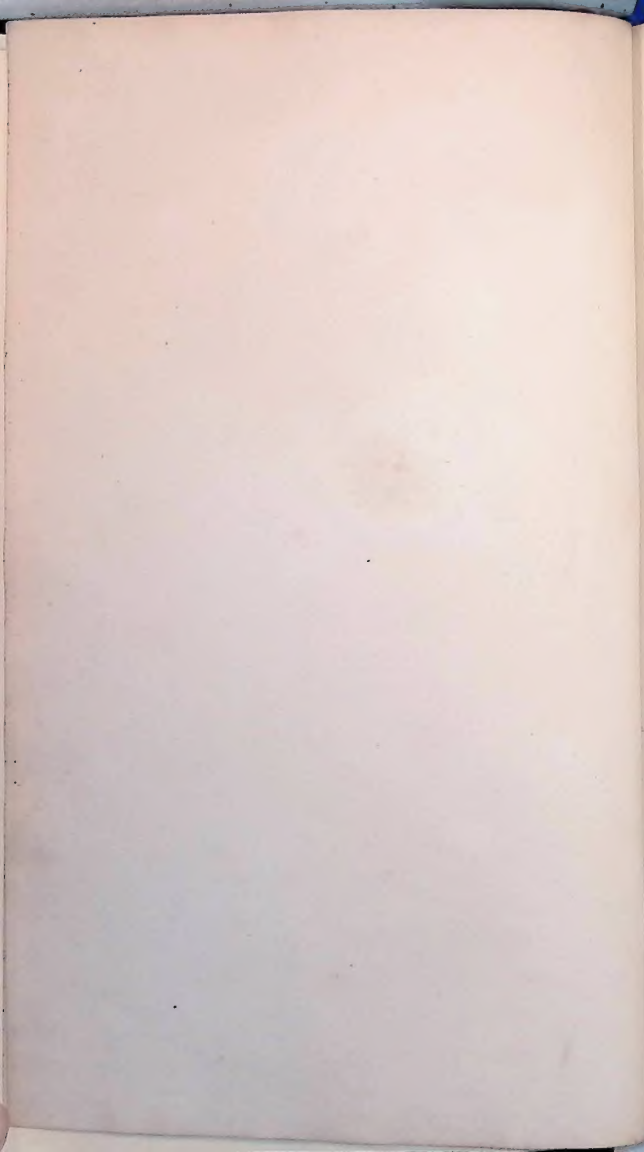






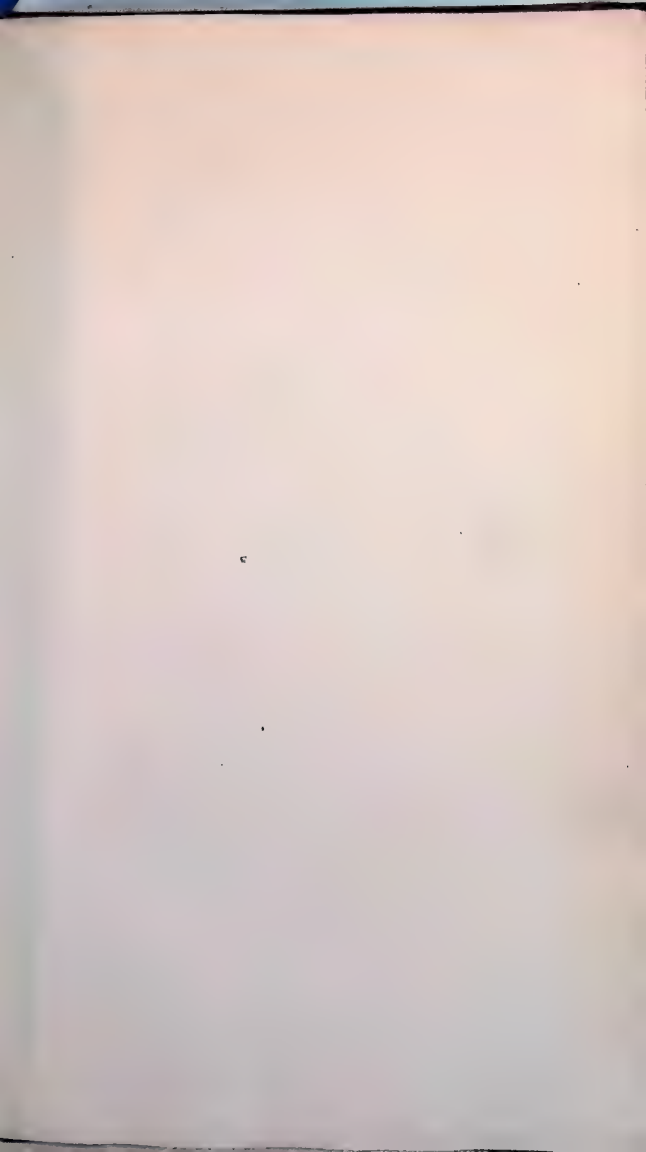












This book ~~was~~ ~~book~~ was 10.
out of print by Seth Nes
of Howard St. Wm Seale

English Bards,
and
Scotch Reviewers.

(A Satire)

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!
Than one of these same metro. ballad-mongers.
Shakespeare.

Such shameless Bards we have, and yet 'tis true
There are as mad; abandon'd Critics too.
Pope.

Preface.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned, or alluded to, in the following pages, it is presumed by the Author, that there can be little difference of opinion in the Public at large; though like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers de-

mand the most decided reprehension.
No one can wish more than the Au-
thor, that some known and able wi-
ter had undertaken their exposure,
but W. Gifford has devoted himself
to Massinger, and in the absence of
the regular physician, a country prac-
titioner may, in cases of absolute ne-
cessity, be allowed to prescribe his nos-
trum to prevent the extension of so
deplorable an epidemic, provided
there be no quackery in his treatment
of the malady. A caustic is here
offered, as it is to be feared nothing
short of actual cautery can recover
the numerous patients afflicted
with the present prevalent and
distressing rabies for rhyming.—
As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it
would indeed require a Hercules to
crush the Hydra. But if the Author
succeeds in merely "bruising one of
the heads of the serpent," though his

own hand should suffer in the en-
counter, he will be amply satisfied.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,
When sense and wit, with Poesy allied,
No fabled Graces flourished side by side,
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, rear'd by Taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
Then in this happy Isle, a Pope's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain
A polish'd nation's praise aspir'd to claim,
And rais'd the people's as the poet's fame.

Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of
In strain less smooth indeed, yet doubly so,
When Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Shadwell melt,
For nature then an English audience felt.
But why these names, or greater still retrace,
When all to feebler Bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast
When taste and reason with those times are lost.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age,
This truth at least let Satire's self allow;
No dearth of Bards can be complain'd of now.
The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,
And Printers' devils shake their weary bones
While Southey's Epics cram the creaking shelves,
And Little's Lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.
Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice, eager, press in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race.
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And Tales of Terror jostle on the road;
Innumerable measures move along,
For simpering Folly loves a varied song.
No strange mysterious Dullness still the friend
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.

Thus Days of Minstrel's!—may they be the last!—
 On half-stirring harps, whose mournful is the blast,
 While mountain spirits grate to river spirits,
 That dawns may listen to the sound at nights;
 And goblin-brats of Gilpin Horner's brood
 Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,
 And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
 And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why,
 While high-born ladies, in their magic cell,
 Enraving Knights to read who cannot spell,
 Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
 And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
 The golden-crested haughty Marmion?
 Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
 Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,
 A worthy mixture of the great and base.
 And ~~think~~ thou, Scott! by vain conceit-purchase,
 In public taste to foist thy stale romance,
 Though Murray with his Miller may combine
 To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
 No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
 Their burys are scar, their former laurels fade.

Let such forget the poet's sacred name,
 Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
 Let may they sink to merited contempt,
 And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!
 Such be their meed, such still the just reward
 Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard!
 For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
 And bid a long, "good night to Harmony!"
 These are the themes, that claim our laurels,
 These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow.
 While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
 Resign their hallow'd days to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,
 When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
 An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
 While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name.
 The work of each immortal Bard appears
 The single wonder of a thousand years.
 Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
 Tongues have expired, with those who gave them birth.
 Without the glory such a strain can give,
 As even in ruin bids the language live.
 Not so with us, though minor Bards content,
 On one great work a life of labour spent:

With eagle pinion, soaring to the skies,
 Behold the Ballad-monger Southey rise!
 To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso, yield,
 Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
 First in the ranks see Jan of Arc advance,
 The scourge of England, and the Coast of France!
 Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
 Behold her statue placed in Gibby's niche;
 Her fetters burst, and just a lease from prison,
 A virgin Phoenix from her ashes risen.
 Next see tremendous Thelaba come on,
 Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son;
 Dondani's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
 Immortal Hero! all thy foes overcome,
 For ever reign - the rival of Sam Thumbr!
 Since startled spirits fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
 Well might triumphant Genii hear thee hence,
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Harlequin's, and not so true.

Oh! Southey, Southey! cease thy varied song
Of Bards may chaunt too often and too long
(Is thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare
A fourth; alas! were more than we could bear
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward find thy weary way,
If still in Berkeley Ballads most unweary,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,
Who bade unborn thy dread intent may rue
"God help thee" Southey, and thy readers too.]

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The scintic Wordsworth, warmer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble"
And quit his books for fear of growing double;
Who both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose
Convincing all by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories borrow'd into rhyme,
Contain the essence of the true sublime:
Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Jay,
The idiot mother of "an idiot Boy";

O'improvident silly lad who lost his way,
 And, like his bird, confounded night with day?
 To close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
 Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

O'er gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
 To burged ode, and humed stanza dear?
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
 Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
 In inspiration should her aid refuse,
 To him who takes a Pious for a Muse,¹⁰
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to cleave an ass.
 How well the subject suits his noble mind!
 "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."
 Oh! wonder-working Lewis! Monk, or Bard,
 Who pain would make Parnassus a church-yard!
 No wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
 Fiercer on ancient bones thou talkest thy stand,
 Thy gibbering species hail'd, thy hundred band;

Or tracest chaotic descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age,
All hail, M.D.! from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a ghastly train;
(Of whose command, "grim women" throng in crowd,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "mailed grey men", "wild jagers", and what not,
To crown with honour, thee, and Walter Scott:
Again all hail! if tales like thine can please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vestal's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheeks by passion flushed,
Strikes his wild Lyre, while listening dames are hushed
His style! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
Futile to condemn, the Muse must still be just
(For space melodious advocates of lust:
"Love is the flame which o'er her altar burns,
From grosser incense with disgust she turns
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee, "mend thy line and sin no more."

The line, translated at the poet's song,
 To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
 Wherman Strangford! with thine eyes & then,¹²
 And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
 Those plaintive strains each love-sick Miss admires,
 And thy harmonious nonsense half expires,
 Learn, if thou canst, to yield thy author's sense,
 Nor lend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
 By dressing Censens in a suit of lace?
 Alas, Whangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
 Be warm, but pure, be amorous, but be chaste.
 Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
 Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy Moore.
 In many marble-cover'd volumes view
 Mayley, in vain attempting something new.
 Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
 Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst time,
 His style in youth or age is still the same,
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.
 Triumphant first see "Gripers' memoirs" shine!
 At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
 Of "Music's Triumphs" all who read may swear
 That Lucius, at least, never triumph'd there.¹³

'Moravia is rise! bestow some anet reward
 On dull Devotion - is! the Sabbath Bard,
 'Vandal' Graham, pious his notes, sublime,
 In mangled prose, nor e'er aspires to rhyme,
 Breaks into mawkish lines each holy book
 And boldly juffers some the Pentateuch;
 And undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
 Perverts the prophets, and perverts the Psalms.

'Heal Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
 A thousand visions of a thousand things,
 And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
 The maudlin Prince of mournful sorrowers.
 And art thou, too, their Prince, Harmonious? Who
 Thou, first, great oracle of tender souls?
 Whether in sighing winds thou seest'st a leaf
 In consolation in a yellow leaf;
 Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
 What merry sounds issued from Oxford bells
 Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend,
 In every chime that jingled from behind.

Ah! how much juicier were thy Muses' nap,
 If to thy bells, tho' I would st. our add a cap!
 Delightful Bowles! still blessing, and still best,
 All love thy strain, but children like it best.
 'Tis thine with gentle Little's moral song,
 To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
 With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
 Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant-years;
 But in her teens thy refining powers are vain;
 She quits her Bowles, for Little's purer strain.
 But so, soft themes how soonest to confine
 The totty numbers of a harp's like shine:—
 "Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"
 Such as none heard before, or will again;
 Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark repos'd in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
 Not this alone, but pausing on the road,
 The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode;¹⁶
 And gravely tells—attend such beautiful Miss!—
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.

Bowles! in thy memory let this trumpet
 Speak to thy country's maid! at least they see
 Or take the only path that open lies
 For modern worthies who would hope to rise.
 Fix on some well known name, and bit by bit
 Pare off the merits of his worth and wit,
 On each alike employ the critic's knife.
 And where a comment fails prefix a life;
 Hunt certain failings, faults before unknown.
 Revive forgotten lies, and add your own;
 Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape,
 And print, if luckily deformed, his shape.
 Thus shall the world, quite undeceiv'd at last,
 Leave to their present wits and quit their past
 Bards once rever'd no more with favourers
 But give their modern poets their due,
 Thus with the dead may living merit cope,
 Thus Bowles may triumph o'er the shade of
 With broken eye and cheek serenely pale,
 O! sad Alceus wanders down the vale!
 Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd
 His hopes have perish'd by the northern wind
 Kipp'd in the bud by Pelionian gales,
 His blossoms wither, as the blast prevails!

In his last weeks, in classic Sheffield weep:
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!
 Yet, say, who should the End, at once, resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred Sine?
 He was startled by the mingled howl
 Of Northern wolves that still in darkness howl;
 Of raven and vulture which mangle as they prey,
 Of hellish instinct, all that cross their way:
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find, — these harpies must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Or hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's seat?²⁰
 Oh soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
 Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust;
 And given the Spirit to the world again,
 To sentence. Terrors, as he sentenc'd men.
 With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
 With voice as willing to decree the rack,
 And in the Courts betimes, though all at law
 As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw.

↑ Heath is immortal Jeffery! once, in name,
 England could boast a judge almost the same.

Him well instructed in the patent-school
 To melt a party, though a party too,
 Who knows? if chance his patrons should restore
 Back to the sway they forfeited before,
 His scribbling boils some recompence may yield
 And raise this Daniel to the Judgment Field.
 Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
 And greeting thus, present him with a rope.
 "Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind
 "I will'a to condemn as to induce mankind
 "This cord receive! for thee reserved with care
 "To wield in judgment; and at length to wear

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Life,
 And guard it sacred in his future wars,
 Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars
 Can none remember this eventful day,
 That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
 When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street Tyrants stood laughing by
 O! say disastrous! on the firm set rock,
 The mind's castle felt a secret shock,

North roll'd the sympathetic waves of North,
 Low ground the shudd'ring critical winds of the North;
 Twice ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career;²²
 (Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place,
 The Tolbooth left—for marble sometimes can,
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—)
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
 If Jeffrey died, except within her arms;²³
 Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn
 The siphon's story where himself was born,
 His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
 And pale Euna shudder'd at the sound:
 Yew'd were the streets around with milky-white reams,
 Flow'd all the Canongate with sily streams,
 This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
 That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue,
 And all with justice deem'd the ius conuicta
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
 That Cardinal's Goddess how'd o'er
 The field, and saved him from the wrath of Shore;

From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful blade,
 And straight restored it to her favourite's hand.
 That head, with greater than magnetic power,
 Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,
 And, though the thickening dross, with scarce
 Fragments its ore, and is itself a mine.
 "My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
 "Resign the pistol, and resume the pen,
 "For politics and poesy, preside,
 "Beast of thy country! and Perseus' aid;
 "For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 "Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 "So long shall last shine unmolested reign.
 "Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
 "Behold a chosen band shall aid thy mission;
 "And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 "First in the ranks illustrious shall be
 "The Travell'd Thane! Athenian Aberdeen.
 "Herbert shall wield Thor's Hammer,²⁵ and don't
 "In gratitude shoud't praise his rugged
 "Smug Sydney too thy bitter page shall suit.
 "And classic Haidam²⁶ much renowned for Green

" Wh' may purchase his name and influence sold,
 " (Indignantly William²⁸) shall traduce his friend;
 " While gay Maria's tickless retary Lamb²⁹,
 " As he himself was damn'd, shall try to damn.
 " Known be thy name! unbounded be thy sway!
 " Thy Holland's banquetts shall each toil repay;
 " While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
 " To Holland's hirelings, and to Learning's foes.
 " Ye mark one caution, ere thy next Review
 " Spread thy light wings, of Saffron and of Blue,
 " Beware lest blundering Brougham³⁰ spoil the sale,
 " Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail,
 " Thus having said, the kilned Goddess kiss
 " Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.³¹

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot
 His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot!
 Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Must be the banquetts spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse!
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
 Shall Pub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.

To brand Hallam, lay aside his pen,
 Resume his pen, review his Sandwith's work,
 Obedient to the founder of the feast,
 Deceive his landlord can translate, at least!
 Duncaine! view thy children with delight,
 They write for food, and bid because they write
 (And lest when heated with the unusual glare,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skins the cream of each critique,
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
 Reforms each error and refines the whole.³³

Now to the dramatic turn—oh! motley sight!
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite
 Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent,³⁴
 And Pudden's nonsense yield a complete content.
 Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's
 And full-grown actors are endur'd once more;
 Yet what avails their vain attempts to please,
 While British critics suffer scenes like these?
 While Reynolds vents his "dramatic," and "comic"
 And common place, and common sense confound!

While Kemmy's World just suffer'd to proceed,
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?
 And Beaumont's pilfer'd Orestes affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words?³⁶
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage
 The degradation of our vaunted stage?
 Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?
 Have we no living Bard of merit? none?
 Awake, George Colman! Cumberland, awake!
 Ring the alarm bell, let folly quake!
 Ah! Heridan, if aught can move thy pen,
 Let Comedy resume her throne again,
 Expunge the mummerry of German Schools,
 Save new Pirarros to translating fools,
 Give us thy last memorial to the age,
 The classic drama, and reform the stage.
 Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
 Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread?
 For those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,
 And Rod's conceal his heroes in a cask?
 Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
 From Perry, Wellington, and Mother Goose?

While Shakespeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
 On stages must moulder, or in closets rot?
 Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim,
 The rival candidates for attic fame!
 In arm array London Lewis' lectures rise,
 Trile Pittington and Base divide the prize.
 And sure, great Pittington must claim our praise
 For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays
 Renowned alike; whose genius ne'er confines
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay assigns,
 (In steps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on,
 While poor John Bull, bewild'ed with the scene
 Aeps wondering what the devil it can mean.
 But as some hands applaud, a venial jest
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it best!

Such are we now, ah! wherefore should we
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
 Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dullness, do you fear to blame?
 Will may the nobles of our present race
 Watch each distortion of a Haldie's face;

Will may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And courtship Italian's pantaloon,³⁹
 Since their own drama yields no fairer race
 A wit than fools, of humour than grimace.

Then let reason, should in every art
 In better manners, but correct the heart;
 Your her exotic follies do the town,
 To sanction vice and hunt decorum down.

It swaddled triumphs amongst her Lathouses,
 And blest the promise which his form display;
 While Payson bounds before the marriage looks
 To lords Marquises and striking Dukes:
 Let high-born lechers eye the lively Pease
 Trust her light isms that spurn the needless veil;
 Let ingenuine bare her breast of snow,
 Wave the white arm and point the brilliant toe;
 Collins till her love-inspiring song,
 Strain her fair neck and charm the listening throng!
 Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice!
 Reforming Saints! too delicately nice!
 By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
 No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;

And her unadorn'd, and beads unmov'd despite
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
From silly *Slapshaws* up to simple *Powles*,
Why should we call them from their darkish
In broad St Giles's, or in Tottenham Road?
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
To scrawl in verse) from Bond Street, or the Strand
If things of ton their harmless lays insinuate,
Nought wisely doomed to shun the public stage
What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his *Stanzas* to himself;
Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,
And live in prologues, though his *Dramas* die;
Lords too are Poets: such things at times befall
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
'Tis who would bask their titles with their names
& Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
& Nature laurels deck a noble head;
'Tis e'en a Hackney'd Muse will dignify
On minor Byron, or mature *Caroline*.

The puny Schoolboy and his early lay
 Often pardon, if his follies pass away;
 But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
 What heterogeneous honors eck the Peer!
 Lord, rhymester, petit maître, pamphleteer!
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
 But Managers too once cried, "hold, enough!"
 Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.
 Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
 And cast his volumes in congenial calf:
 Yes! off that covering where Morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin⁴² on those recreant lines
 With you, ye Luins! rich in native lead,
 Who daily labour for your daily bread,
 With you I wear not Gifford's heavy hand
 Has cruised, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On "all the Talents" vent your venal spleen,
 Want your defence, let Pity be your screen.
 Set Monodies on Fox, regale your crew,
 And Melville's Marble prove a Blanket-doo!

One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,
 (And peace be with you! 'tis your best reward)
 Such damning fame as Dunciad's only give
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live,
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note in list repose.
 Far be it from me unkindly to upbraid
 The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,
 Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind.
 Though Bell has lost his nightingales and all,
 (Matilda smiles still, and Flaxia howls,
 And Gusca's spirit rising from the dead,
 Revives in Laura, Quix, and K. Y. N.⁴⁵)

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due
 (Collected Genius! let me turn to you.
 Come forth, Oh Campbell! give thy talents scope
 Who dares aspire, if thou must cease to hope?
 And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last,
 Recall the pleasing memory of the past!

O Muse! let best remembrance still inspire,
 And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre,
 Restore Hollo to his vacant throne,
 Assert thy country's honours and thine own.
 What must deserted Poesy still weep
 When her last hopes with pious Cooper sleep?
 Unless perchance, from his cold bed she turns,
 To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!
 O! tho' contempt hath marked the spurious brood,
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food;
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
 Who least affecting, still affect the most;
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
 Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, & Macneil.⁴⁷

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was ask'd in vain⁴⁸
 Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
 Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?
 Walks not gigantic Vice in every street?

Shall Scors & Pines tread pollution's path,
 And 'scape alike the Lictor and Muses wrath:
 Nor glare with guilty glare through future
 Eternal leacorns of consummate crime?
 House thee, Pifford! be thy promise claim'd,
 Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring
 And thy young Muse just-waved her joyous wing
 The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science's self destroyed her favourite son!
 Yes! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
 She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
 'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low
 To the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart
 And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart.

Then were his hands, but keener far to feel
 He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the keel,
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

Thus he, who say in these enlightened days
 That splendid lies are all the poet's praise,
 That strained invention, ever on the wing,
 Alone impels the modern Bard to sing.
 'Tis true, that all who rhyme, may all who write,
 Prink from that fatal word to Genius - Trade:
 Yet truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires:
 This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest,
 Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best.

And you, associate Bards! who smother'd to light
 Your Lamps too long with'drawn from modern sight;
 This smugging taste convinc'd to cull the wealth
 Where Attic flowers bloom an' odours breathe.

(And all their renovated fragrance flung,
 To grace the beauties of your native tongue,
 (Recall those muses that nobly could transfuse
 The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse,
 Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:
 Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
 Restore the Muse's violated laws;
 But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
 That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
 Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
 The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear,
 I'm shewn the simple lyre could once surpass,
 But now worn down, appear in native brass;
 While all his train of hovering sylphs around,
 Evaporate in similes of sound:
 Him let them shun, with him let himself die;
 False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.
 Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
 The meanest object of the lowly group,

Whose voice of all but childish prattle void,
 Burns blessed Harmony to Lambe and Boyd:⁵²
 To them — but hold thy Muse, nor dare to teach
 I claim, far, far beyond thy humble reach;
 The native genius with their feeling given
 Will point the path, and lead their notes to heaven.

Indign, too Scott! resign to minstrels rude,
 The wilder Rogan of a Border feud:
 Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
 Enough for Genius if itself inspire!
 Let Southey sing, although his burning muse,
 Trifles every spring, be too profuse;
 Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
 And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;
 Let Spectre-mongering Poets aim, at most,
 To rouse the Gallies, or to raise a ghost;
 Let Moore be loud; let Bangford steal from Moore,
 And swear that Amiens sang such notes of yore;
 Let Hayley hobble on, Mountgomery rave;
 And god! Grahame chaunt a stupid stave;

Let sonnetic Bowles his strains refine,
 And rhyme and rhimer to the rimeant line,
 Let Scott, Coliste, Matilda, and the rest
 Of Gub. Reed, and of Grosvenor-Place the best,
 Strive on, 'till death release us from the strain,
 Or common sense assert her rights again,
 But thou, with powers that meet the aid of powers,
 Should'st leave no humbler Bard's ignoble hours.
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the time,
 Demands a hallowed harp—that harp is thine.
 Say, will not Calcasia's annals yield
 The glorious record of some nobler field,
 Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man,
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
 For outlaw's Sherwood's tales of Robin Hood?
 Scotland! still proudly claim thy native Bard,
 And let thy praise his first, his best reward!
 Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
 But own the vast renown a world can give.

Be known, purchase, when Albion is no more;
 And tell the tale of what she was before;
 To future times her faded fame recall,
 And save her glory, though her country fall.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
 Expert in science, more expert in puns?
 Shall these approach the Muse? ah no! she flies,
 And even spurns the great Scatoman's prize,
 Though printers condescend the press to soil
 With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Foyte.
 Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
 Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.⁵³

He who in Granta's honours would surpass
 Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
 A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
 While Albion is duller than her (am.
 A dark asylum of a Vandal race!⁵⁴
 At once the vault of Harmin, and disgrace;

I sunk in duress and in loss in shame
 That Smythe and Hodgson ⁶⁵ scarce deem thy name
 But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
 The partial Muse delighted ever to lave,
 In her green banks a greener wreath is wove,
 To crown the Bards that haunt her classic grove,
 Where Richards waits a genuine poet's fire
 And modern Britons justly praise their Sirs. ⁶⁶

For me, who thus unknown have dared to tell
 Thy country, what her sons should know too well,
 Heal for her honour, no malignant rage
 Has bade me spurn the follies of my age.
 No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
 As free in freedom, dearest to the Muse.
 Oh! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame
 And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
 That Athens was in science, Rome in power,
 Thine Isle appeared in her meridian hour,
 'Tis shine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
 Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's mighty queen:

What Rome decayed, and Nations should despise,
 And Egypt's proud pierce lie shattered in the main;
 Like this the strength may sink in ruin terrible,
 And Britain fall, the bulwark of the World.
 But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
 With warning often scoff'd at till too late;
 To Thames less lofty still my lay confine,
 And urge thy Dards to gain a name like mine.

Votes.

Mr. See the "Day of the Last Marshal,"
fractum. Never was any plan so incongruous
and absurd as the ground-work of this
production. The entrance of Thunder and
Lightning prologuising to Bayes' Magee's
unfortunate is balled away the merit of
originality from the dialogue between
Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Felt
in the first canto. Then we have the
amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark
moss-trooper," videlicet, a happy compound
of proacher, sheep-stealer, and highway-
man. The grossiety of his lady's in-
junction not to read can only be equalled.

ed by his candid acknowledgment
of his dependence on the comments
of Gilling, although to use his own
elegant phrase, "Lava his neck in the
gallows" is the gallows. —

The biography of Gilpin Horner; and
the marvellous pedestrian page, who
travels twice as fast as his master's
horse, without the aid of seven league
boots, are chief-stories in the improve-
ment of taste. For incident we have
the invisible, but by no means sparing,
eye on the ear bestowed on the page,
and the entrance of a Knight and
Charger into the castle, under the very
natural disguise of a wain of hay.
In conclusion, the hero of the latter romance,
is exactly what William of Deloraine
would have been, had he been able
to read and write. The poem was
manufactured for Messrs (Dustable

(Thomson, and Miller, respectable book-sellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money, and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius; which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of Black letter Ballad imitations.

(N^o 2 "Good night to Marmion" - the pathetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire on the death of honest Marmion.

(N^o 3 As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton, and Tasso, we consider the "Paradise lost," and "Gierusalemme Liberata" as their standard efforts, since neither

the "Imitation of the Poets" of the Italian,
 and the "Paradise Lost" of the English
 Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity
 to their former poems. Query: Which of
 Mr. Keats' will survive?-----

(14) Thalaba, Mr. Southey's second
 poem, is written in open defiance of pre-
 cedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to
 produce something novel, and succeeded.
 As a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous
 enough, but Thalaba was one of those
 poems "which, in the words of Porson,
 will be read, when Homer and Virgil
 are forgotten, but—not till then."

15 We beg Mr. Southey's pardon.
 "Herc disdains the degraded title of—
 Epic." See his preface. Why is Epic de-
 graded? and by whom? Certainly the
 late Romantics of Masters Otte, Laurent
 P., Ogilby, Flute, and gentle Mistress

Cowley, than we called the Epic Muse,
but as Mr. Southey's poem "in turns one
appellation," allow us to ask. Has no
poet inspired any thing better in its stead?
or must he be content to rival Sir
Richard Blackmore, in the quantity as
well as quality of his verse? -

Y⁶. See, the old woman of Parkley,
a Ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein
an aged gentlewoman is carried away
a Pickpocket, on "a high trotting horse".

Y⁷. The last line, "God help thee," is an
evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin
to Mr. Southey, on his Dactyls:
"God help thee silly one." Poetry of the An-
ti-jacobin, page 23.

Y⁸. Lyrical Ballads, page 4. -

"The tables turned." stanza 1. -

"Up, up my friend, and change your looks
"T'ry all this toil and trouble?"

"Up, up my friend and quit your books",
 "Be sure you'll grow double"

Mr. H. in his preface labours hard
 to prove, that prose and verse are much
 the same, and certainly his precepts
 and practice are strictly conformable.

N^o 9. "And thus to Crutty's question he
 made answer, like a traveller bold,
 The cock did crow to-who, to-who,
 And the sun did shine so cold, &c."

Lyrical Ballads, page 129.

N^o 10. Coleridge's Poems, page 11. Songs of
 the Pious, i.e. Devonshire Pious, page 12
 we have "Lines to a Young Lady," and
 page 52 "Lines to a Young Ass."

N^o 11. "For every one knows little Matt's
 an. H.P." - See a Poem to Mr. Lewis,
 in the Statesman, supposed to be writ-
 ten by Mr. Jebyll. ---

1812. The reader who may wish for an explanation to this, may refer to "Kingsford's Amoenus," page 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the *Edinburgh Review of Kingsford's Amoenus*.

It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public, as *Poems of Amoenus*, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the *Song of Solomon*.---

1813. Hayley's two most notorious worse productions, are "*Triumphs of Temper*," and "*Triumph of Music*." He has also written much Comedy in rhyme, Epistles &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Dryden, to Mr. H's consideration, viz. "to convert his poetry into prose, which may be easily done, by taking away the final syllable of each couplet."

Nov. Mr. Watson has poured forth
two volumes of Verse, under the name
of "Robt. Watson," and "Biblical Pic-
tures." —

Nov. See Bowles's Sonnets, & "Sonnet-
to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the
Bells of Oxford." —

Nov. "Swake a louder and keener" is the
first line in Bowles's "Spirit of Discovery,"
a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic.
Among other exquisite lines we have the
following: —

"A kiss

"Held on the listening silence, never yet

"Here heard, they trembled even as if the power were.

That is the woods of Madeira trembled to
a kiss, very much astonished, as well
they might be, at such a phenomenon.

Nov. The Episode alluded to, is the sto-
ry of "Robert & Hachin," and "Anna & Asyet,"

a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss before-mentioned, and startled the woods of Madeira.

() No. 18. See Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for which he received 300 pounds. Thus W.B. has experienced, how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own. —

() No. 19. Poor Montgomery! though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. — After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius: his "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "Degraded Epics." —

() No. 20. Arthur's seat, the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

() No. 21. In 1006, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore, met at Waltham Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the Magis-

hazy, and on examination, the basis of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, was found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much wagging in the daily prints. —

¶ 22. The French here behaved with proper decorum, it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the Tier to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension. —

¶ 23. This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the Edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish. —

(N^o 24. His Lordship has been much abroad, is a Member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of "Pitt's Topography of Troy."

(N^o 25. Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a "Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer." The translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:-

"Instead of money and rings, I wot,
 "The hammer's bruises were her lot,
 "Thus Odin's son his hammer got.

N^o 26. The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed Author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms. ---

N^o 27. Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's Taste, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were

Anders till the press rendered it impossible
even the critique, which still stands an
exquisite monument of Hallan's ingenuity.

120. Julius is a tutor at Eton.

127. The honourable G. Lamb reviewed
"Hastford's Miseries," and is moreover author
of three enacted with much applause at
St. James's Theatre, and danced with
great execution at the late Theatre, Covent-
Garden. It was entitled "Sittelle for it".

130. Mr Brougham, in No. XXV. of the
Edinburgh Review, throughout the article con-
taining "Don Pedro de Cevallos," has displayed
more politics than policy; many of the wor-
st passages of Edinburgh being so inserted
in the infamous principles it evinces, as to have
not gained their subscriptions. The name
of this personage is pronounced Proom
in the South, but the truly Northern, and
correct pronunciation is Brough-am, in
two syllables.

(V 31. I ought to apologise to the worthy
 Deities for introducing a new Goddess with
 short peritocasts to their notice. but alas!
 what was to be done? I could not say Ca-
 ledonia's Genius, it being well known there
 is no Genius to be found from lackman-
 man to maithness, yet without supernatural
 agency; how was Jeffrey to be saved? The
 national "Gelpies," &c are too unpoetical, and
 the "Brownies" and "Gude neighbours" (spirits
 of a good disposition) refused to extricate him.
 A Goddess therefore has been called for the
 purpose, and great ought to be the gratitude
 of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communica-
 tion he ever held, or is likely to hold, with
 anything heavenly. —

(V 32. Lord H. has translated some speci-
 mens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life
 of the Author. Both are bepraised by his
disinterested guests. —

(N^o 33. Certain it is, Mrs. Langhorne is accused of having displayed her marchioness wit in the Edinburgh Review: however, that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal — no doubt for correction. —

(N^o 34. In the melodrama of Titell; that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, a new asylum for distressed Heroes.

(N^o 35. All these are favourite expressions of W. R. and prominent in his Comedies, living and defunct.

(N^o 36. W. J. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, stripped the Tragedy of Bonduca of the Dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Paruchacus. — Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself? — — —

N^o 37. Mr Greenwood is we believe, Superintendent to Murray & Pine Theatricals - as such, Mr S. is much indebted to him. -

N^o 38. Mr S. is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty" and some Comedies, particularly "Maids and Bachelors", *Edaculaurii Edaculo magis quam lauro digni.*

N^o 39. Valdi and Cabalanti require little notice, for the wages of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds, whereas we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the Lady's appearance in trousers.

N^o 40. What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Shiraz, where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the Oriental Homer and Catullus, and behold his name assum-

ed by one Scott of Downore, the most
influential and accurate of literary preach-
ers in the Daily Prints.

Q^{ues}. The Earl of Arundel has lately
published an eighteen-penny pamphlet
on the state of the Stage, and offers his
plan for building a new Theatre: it is to be
hoped his Lordship will be permitted to
bring forward any thing for the Stage, ex-
cept his own tragedies.

A^{ns} 42 "Doff that lion's hide

"And hang a calf-skin on those accursed limbs"

Shak. King John. -

Lord G's sword is most resplendently bound
in a conspicuous ornament to his book-
shelves:

"The rest is all but leather and prussella"

A^{ns} 43. Melville's Mantle, a parody on
"Elijah's Mantle", a poem.

N^o 44. This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew H^o—, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca School, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go, besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk. —

() N^o 45. These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

N^o 46. It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's Essay on Man. but so many procrusters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange. —

() N^o 47. Gifford, author of the *Parviad*.

and shared the first prizes of the day,
and translator of Juvenal.

Shelley, translator of Virgil's *Eclogues*, and
Virgil's *Georgics*, and author of *Saul*, an
epic poem.

Macmill, whose poems are deservedly popular,
particularly "*Scotland's Scairie, or the
Pass of Mar*," of which ten thousand copies
were sold in one month. —

1840. Mr. Gifford promised publicly
that the *Edwina* and *Maevia* should
not be his last original works. Let him
remember, "*Non in reluctantibus Dracones*"

1849. Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October 1806, in consequence of too
much exertion in the pursuit of studies
that would have matured a mind
which disease and poverty could not impair,
and which Death itself destroyed
rather than subdued. His poems abound
in such beauties as must impress the

reader with the liveliest regret, that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

() No 50. The translators of the Anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

() No 51. The neglect of the "Botanic Garden," is some proof of returning taste; the scenery is its sole recommendation.

() No 52. Messrs Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and

() No 53. The "Games of Hoyle," were known to the votaries of Whist, Chess, &c are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "Plagues of Egypt" ---

(1854) "In the Cambridgeshire the Emperor
 Ptolemy transcribes a considerable body
 of Pindarus." *visions Decline and Fall*
 page 83, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt
 the truth of this assertion, as a large
 flock of the same breed is to be found
 here at this day. --

(1855) This gentleman's name requires
 no praise; the man who in translation
 displays unquestionable genius, may
 well be expected to excel in original
 composition, of which it is to be hoped
 we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

(N^o 56. See "Aboriginal Britons", an ex-
 cellent poem by Richards.



